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Magazine Section.

TO BUILD A NEW FORTUNE.

NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS OLD,
FORMER SENATOR STEWART
BEGINS LIFE ANEW.

akes his Young Bride to Gold Camps
of Nevada and Rears Comfortable
Home—Still feels the Wine of Youth

At the age of seventy-eight, after having seen two generations rise and pass away; a former Governor of Nevada, a mine owner of great wealth, a United States Senator for eighteen years, William M. Stewart for long known as the "Santa Claus" of the Senate, is starting life anew amid the gold fields of Nevada.

With the virility of youth this robust and hearty old-timer, says a dispatch from Rhyolite, Nev., has, with his young bride started in to make another million.

Fortune has played pranks with Senator Stewart; at one time he had been one of the rich men of that millionaires' club the Senate, owning one of the most magnificent private houses in Washington. In the earlier days he extracted huge fees from the law suits

model dairy in Virginia which put the last touches on a financial ruin that was begun when he tried to force a real estate boom in the direction of "Stewart's Palace," the gorgeous structures he had put up when he was one of the wealthiest men there.

Back Among the Boys.

The new Nevada home is a one-story abode, ornamented with red and white stone. It has ten rooms, the bathroom dazzles with tiles and trappings and has a genuine shower bath.

"I want to make it as comfortable as I can for my wife and daughter," said the old Senator, "They're not as used to roughing it as I am."

A wide veranda stretches around the entire house, and the grounds are being graded, fenced and soddied. There is a pretty stable and a quaint little chicken house. The Senator has purchased two hundred fowls and in his stable, instead of thoroughbred horses he has a large, sleek pair of mules, which he considers more appropriate to the country.

Of Another Generation.

He is as interested in all these preparations as though he were sixty



Senator William M. Stewart.

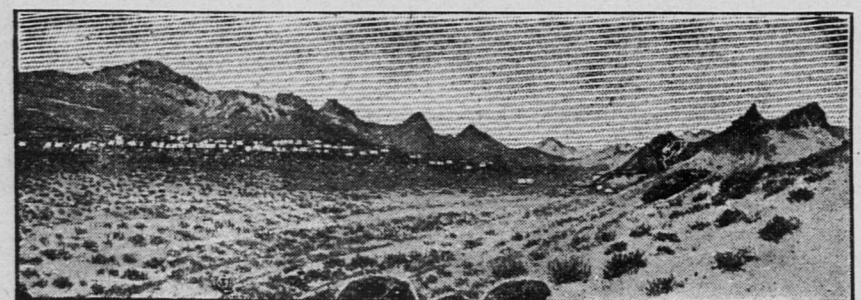
of western mines; at another time he has been down on his uppers; again he has been engaged in a big dairying project in Virginia; at other times he has dabbled again in Western mines and has run an Eastern mule farm.

Retiring from the Senate last spring, he was again once more a poor man, and with his advanced years it was presumed by the unknowing ones he would sink into obscurity but like some others, "Bill Stewart has never known when he was down and out, and he immediately started forth again in the battle of life with the purpose to again rebuild his fortunes. The chances are more than even that he will although he is nearly four score years.

The Senator expects to reap a profitable harvest from the various legal matters arising out of the vast new gold fields which have been discovered in Nevada. He is an expert on mining law and has at least the precedent established of having received in former years a fortune as a single fee.

Not Crushed by Failure.

Whatever may be said about the Senator politically, his bitterest enemies will not deny that the physical make-up of the man is marvelous to the last degree and that his courage is splendid. He is of the type that



VIEW OF RHYOLITE, NEVADA, SENATOR STEWART'S NEW HOME.

cannot conceive defeat but goes on fighting.

"This air makes me feel like a four-year-old," he said as he landed in Nevada with his daughter and his newly-married young wife. "There's no place like Nevada. I tell you and I figure that I'll be doing a big law business here before long. Better to wear out than to rust out you know."

The Senator's new house was built from what he had saved out of his

political career has had more crooks and turns than a Boston street; the man who controlled the state of Nevada absolutely; the man who has not even great piety or overscrupulous integrity to cheer him in misfortune and enable him to look back over a pathway of good deeds and noble endeavors—can it be that this happy, vigorous, hopeful septuagenarian is actually Senator Stewart?

CLIMATE IN MANCHURIA.

It Plays a Prominent Part in the Fortunes of War.

The climate of Manchuria plays an important role in the war between Russia and Japan. Up to the present we have had but little precise information upon this point. M. J. Ross has lately given the Scientific American indications as to the climate of that region and the character of the different seasons. He states that in the months of March and April there are strong southwest winds which bring with them heat and moisture. At the end of March the winter season ends. The undersoil is still frozen at this time, but the ground can be worked for agriculture. April appears to be the only month of spring. At the end of this month the sowing of wheat commences. Summer begins in May, and at the end of June or the beginning of July the wheat is cut. Up to the end of June rain is rare and the sky is generally clear, while cloudy weather is an exception. The heat reaches a maximum at the end of July and first part of August. Afterward come heavy rains or storms. It often rains for several days and nights without stopping. The soil is completely saturated and inundations are frequent.

September is the harvest month, while October gives some of the finest weather of the year. At this time the climate is agreeable during the day and the sky is clear, with bracing air, while vegetation is at its height. At the end of the month the first night frosts begin to appear, and in November the cold weather commences and keeps up until March. At Mukden the temperature sometimes reaches a very low degree. During the day, however, the cold is not excessive, and sometimes in the middle of the winter the sun's rays become very warm, on account of the southerly position of that locality. The maximum temperature of summer is 100.4 deg. F. About ten months of the year are dry for the most part, and the excessive wet season only occurs during a month or so. At Niuchwang, on the north shore of the gulf of Liaotung, the mean winter temperature is 16 deg. F., and the mean for the summer, 74.8 deg. F. The Russian maritime provinces have a very low mean annual temperature. At Vladivostok the average for the winter is 10.2 deg. F., and for the summer it is only 39.9 deg. F.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

They Should Include an Opportunity to Make a Home on a Piece of Land.

The right to work, to employ one's self, comes from Nature, and not from legislative action. If that is true, says the Detroit News Tribune, it follows that legislatures have no right to make regulations which will permit the cornering of opportunities for self-employment. The United States laws governing our national domain of land were originally designed to conform to the rights of man. Our homestead acts were designed to place the land in the hands of those who would actually use it productively, and much of the land was so parcelled out to the great advantage of society. But cunning lawyers and unscrupulous men who want to reap where they have not sown, who seek to avoid productive labor themselves by controlling the opportunities of self-employment, have succeeded in cornering large sections of the United States. The revelations of the land frauds in the West are worthy of great attention, but they excite less interest than do our troubles with President Castro of Venezuela. The astonishing fact is learned that one man has acquired nearly 23,000 square miles of public land. He does not want to use it himself, and his only object is to make others pay him for the privilege of using it. He therefore makes it more difficult for men to employ themselves, and the rights of man are to that extent denied.

20th Century Empire Building.

Great as is the power of war in the building of an empire—and the Japanese-Russian war will probably make a great nation of Japan—there is an even greater force at work in the world that will in the end decide the fates of peoples. This is the power of one nation to absorb the individuals rather than to wipe out or swallow another government. The Twentieth Century will probably witness the greatest centralization of peoples under vast empires, that the world has seen since the days of Roman greatness. When the century ends, the outlook is that there will be a half dozen first nations, created by assimilation instead of war. Japan will be one, with its influence felt throughout Eastern Asia, Russia will, of course, advance, Germany will probably have absorbed Austria. The Latin races of Southern Europe may have combined for self-protection. England will go on empire building, and the United States will have spread over the continent, and maybe two continents, besides having absorbed vast numbers of peoples from all countries of the earth.

With His Favorite Punch.

From the Washington Post.

Colonel Watterson said he would enter the political arena again in the fall, but declined to tell just how, says the New York Sun.

It's a safe wager that he will enter it as usual, prodding the elephant.

POLITICAL MACHINERY.

WAS NEVER SO PERFECT, FAR-REACHING AND EFFECTIVE AS TO-DAY.

At the Same Time the Voter Has Never Been So Independent—Educational Campaigns a Feature of Practical Politics.

J. J. Dickinson.

Only one aphorism is known to have been publicly uttered and reiterated by the late Orville H. Platt, a Senator in Congress from Connecticut for a quarter of a century and one of the really great statesmen of our time and country. It was this:

"Ours is a government of parties by parties for the people."

It was by this rule that the fine old Yankee squared his vote at the polls and in the Senate. It guided his thought and action. It accounted for his partisanship, which, though never offensive, was always robust.

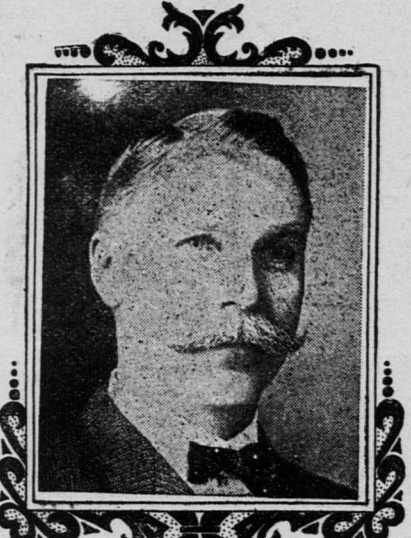
Sensibly the American people have adopted the Platt aphorism. Party or-



HON. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU,
Chairman Republican National Committee.

ganization was never so strong and carefully nurtured as at present; party discipline was never so rigid; party leadership was never so placidly recognized and implicitly obeyed by party workers. The change has come about in comparatively recent years. In fact, the present generation of voters have witnessed its coming. Samuel J. Tilden showed the way. As a result of his teaching, not party principle, but party organization, won for the Democratic party sweeping victories in Republican strongholds and was started fairly on the road to a long lease of national control. Then appeared the late Marcus A. Hanna from his business cloister and gave impulse within his party to a movement similar to that which, under the tutelage of Tilden, had brought surprising victories to the Democrats.

The spirit of organization which now animates both of the great parties is not indolent or lukewarm between campaigns. In an important sense, it is as active now as it was when the lines of battle were drawn after the national conventions of last summer had done their work. The difference between them is made conspicuous by reason of the fact that the Republican party is in power and its central organization—the National Committee—is necessarily more in evidence than its counterpart in the opposition organiza-



THOMAS TAGGART,
Chairman Democratic National Committee.

tion—the Democratic National Committee. These central bodies of the two great parties have lines of subsidiary organizations reaching down through the States, cities, Congressional districts and counties to the voting precincts.

Between campaigns, the National Committees are neither idle nor unwatchful. The permanent headquarters of the Republican National Committee are in Washington, and are under the immediate supervision of Elmer Dover, the committee's secretary, and formerly Senator Hanna's private and confidential secretary. The committee's headquarters occupy rooms in one of the finest office buildings in the National Capital. The Hon. George B. Cortelyou, who vacated a seat at President Roosevelt's Cabinet board to succeed Mr. Hanna as chairman of the National Committee in order that at

the President's request, he could direct the militant forces of Republicanism in the last campaign, has not been able to even nominally surrender the reins of party management, although the vast responsibilities of the Postmaster-Generalship devolved upon him at the beginning of this year.

It was under the Hanna regime that permanent headquarters of the Republican National Committee were established in Washington. Mr. Hanna set the fashion of the chairman of the National Committee settling quarrels between warring factions, quarrels that threatened so to disrupt the party between campaigns as to seriously darken its prospects in intervening State, Congressional and city elections.

The Democratic National Committee's headquarters are nominally in the offices of Chairman T. T. Taggart, in Indianapolis, though much of the work of that organization is still done in New York by August Belmont and Wm. F. Sheehan, the leading members of the Executive Committee in the last campaign. As the Democrats have no Federal patronage to dispense, the work that falls to Messrs. Taggart, Belmont and Sheehan is of a purely advisory and supervisory character. It goes without saying, of course, that the Hon. William J. Bryan has very great influence in the decisions as to policies, even though he is clothed with no official authority.

The organizations next in importance to the National Committee are the State Committees. In each of the forty-five States both of the old parties maintain central committees, whose functions within their respective jurisdictions are similar to those of the National Committees.

The Congressional National Committee stands next in the line of our militant political system. These committees are of comparatively recent origin, and are a logical development of our party government system. Each party in Congress selects its own committee in caucus in Washington usually just before the expiration of the Congress then in session. Each committee in turn selects its officers, who, as a rule, are members of the House. Both of these committees have permanent headquarters in Washington, from which are conducted those fierce biennial struggles for control of the House of Representatives. Attached to each committee is a corps of salaried assistant secretaries, stenographers, etc.

City, ward, county and precinct committees, State legislative and senatorial committees, Congressional committees in each district of the States, judicial district committees, not to mention the myriad host of political clubs of mushroom growth and others of stable life and permanent habitations, complete a line of political organizations that ramify every avenue of our activities and are in the web and woof of our national life.

Nearly every candidate for President keeps always in his employ—rarely, of course, avowedly—a well-organized machine, usually headed by one or more alert and enterprising press agents and seconded by practical politicians ranging in the social scale from the highly respectable corporation president to the much-abused ward worker. These private machines are grinding from the close of one Presidential campaign to the opening of the next. In a word, so numerous are the political organizations, so varied are their methods, so unceasing are their activities that the American voter finds it virtually impossible to escape surveillance.

With all this marvelous perfection of political machinery, however, it is worthy of note that at no time in the recent history of the United States has the American voter shown more independence of thought. In fact, this is one of the reasons for the unceasing labor and vigilance of party leaders. To test public opinion, to follow popular sentiment in the making of platforms and the nomination of candidates is one of the important functions of organization. The American voter is intelligent, alert and independent. The party machinery of to-day is not created for the purpose of driving men, like sheep, to the polls or in the expectation of hoodwinking the voters. It exists for the purpose of crystallizing and making effective a particular political creed. It can do nothing more than this.

ANCIENT AND MODERN JEW.

Peculiar Customs in Blowing the Rams on Jewish New Years.

The customs of different religious bodies have undergone many changes since their inauguration, and these changes are as marked among the Jews as they are other religious bodies. A few ancient customs, however, are still followed out, as they were in the days of Moses, by the strictly orthodox Jews, especially in certain parts of Europe, and among those orthodox Jews who, owing to persecution at home, have come to America to make this land their future home, where



ANCIENT MANNER OF BLOWING THE RAM'S HORN.

they may enjoy religious liberty. On September 30 is the Jewish New Year, this year Number 5666, one of the most sacred holidays to the Jew, when all petty quarrels are forgotten, and every man is at peace with his neighbor.

The Jewish New Year is observed in accordance with the injunction: "And in the seventh month on the first day of the month shall ye have a holy convocation; no servile work shall ye do; a day of blowing the cornet shall it be unto you."—Numbers xix, 1.

But it is observed quite differently by the orthodox and the reform Jews. The cornet mentioned in the bible is made from a ram's horn, and is known as the "shofar," and is used in all Jewish synagogues on this New Year's day.



MODERN JEW BLOWING THE RAM'S HORN.

In the strictly orthodox church the man who has the duty of blowing the shofar must be an exceedingly strict Jew. He must not have shaved his beard; indeed the ancient Jew never shaved. He must not have committed any offence which would bar him from this sacred office. When he is ready to blow the shofar he dons the "talith," a silken cloth, and takes his stand at the altar, beside the rabbi, and at certain places in the service blows the solemn sounds.

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GERMAN NURSES BEST.

MORE NATURAL METHODS EMPLOYED THAN BY AMERICANS.

Early Months of a German Baby's Life are Very Quiet and Simple.—Fancy Baby Clothes Tabooed.

The mother of a large family of American children chanced to be living abroad when the last baby was born, and she has since often times said that she wished all of her children had been born in Germany.

The last little girl, during its first three months of existence, in charge of a native German nurse, was not only more comfortable, but better cared for in every way than the other children who were born in America. The little girl was brought up by the native German method, and this means, in the first place, that the German baby is treated scientifically. Nor does this signify by the rules of a recently acquired experimental science, the result of attending a series of mothers' congresses, but a science which is the inheritance of the race.

Plain Clothing; No Frills.

In the wardrobe of a German baby there are no dainty little dresses with frills and laces and blue ribboned petticoats and ruffles and furbelows. It has, in place of these, an ample supply of little chemises, merino undershirts, and diapers, while for a dress, a two-yard square of white flannel serves.

A case is recounted of one proud American mother who exhibited with maternal delight the dainty things she had brought over for the expected baby. She was much shocked and hurt to see them all brushed ruthlessly aside—all but the shirts—and further to see all the lovely baby coats, with their fine embroidery, heartlessly ripped from the waists. The other things, she was advised, would not be needed for three months.

The Dressing Table.

For the German baby's bath his little tub is filled with tepid water and he lies entirely immersed, only his little face above the surface, his back and head supported on the nurse's arm. Then he is rolled and patted dry in his towels in the usual way, after which he is dressed, not on the nurse's knee, but on the "Wickeltisch," or swaddling table, a conveniently high commode with top slightly slanting, before which the nurse stands. If this is not available, an ordinary table is always used.

First, the batiste chemise is put on, and then the merino shirt, both fastened in the back by strings. Then comes the diaper, and then from under the arms the baby is simply swaddled in his blanket, which is turned up at the bottom and pinned together like a meal sack.

If the youngster inclines to curl his legs or to lie with his knees curved, they are tightly bandaged with a broad linen band. Cruel, you say? It seems so, perhaps, but the babies do not appear to mind. Your German nurse never uses talcum powder unless it is absolutely necessary.

The Lung Development.

Having dressed the baby, he is now

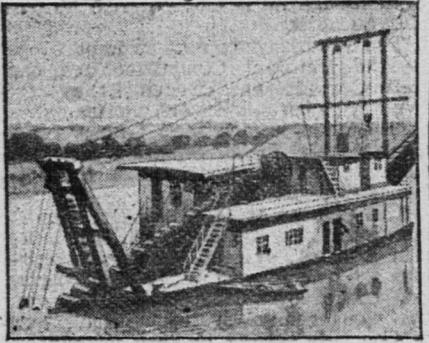
ready for his bottle, followed by a nap. This he takes in his carriage or in his crib, and these are never, never joggled or rocked. He is placed flat on his back for his bottle, and must not be moved for one hour after. He is not expected to be a soundless baby. In fact, he is, as it were, if necessary, made to cry for a portion of the twenty-four hours. The German nurse makes him entirely comfortable and then leaves him entirely alone. In a short time he shows signs of impatience and sets up a lusty wail, thus giving his lungs the needed exercise. There is little difference between the American German method of feeding bottle babies, sterilized milk being used.

Quietude for Three Months.

The first three months of the German baby's life is very quiet. He is allowed to grow and is handled as little as possible. After this, if he is strong enough, he is dressed, and his treatment then depends upon the family into which he is fortunate enough, or possibly unfortunate enough, to have been born.

A New Gold Digger.

The present yield of gold is double what it was ten years ago, now amounting to a million dollars a day. Within the next ten years it bids fair to double again. This advance in the last decade is largely due to the invention of the cyanide process. Outside of new discoveries the gold output for the future will be largely increased by what Alexander Delmar calls a gold ship, a dredge that moves over the land and extracts every particle of gold out of long neglected placers. This Eldorado ship is now beginning to clean up the abandoned places of California and will soon be



THE GOLD DREDGE.

doing the same in Brazil, Siberia, Mexico and Peru.

What is this wonderful gold ship which extracts every scintilla of yellow metal. It is, according to the New York Engineering Magazine, simply a dredge that floats on a pond of its own making—a pond which accompanies it wherever it chooses to go and enables it to move over the land in any direction. It scoops up the gravel, subjects it on its decks to the desired chemical action, and then casting it behind, keeps on advancing until the field before it is sifted and treated from surface to bed rock.

GOSSIP FROM ABROAD.

Tales of Diplomatic and Court Intrigue.

When Edward was simply Prince of Wales, he owed Poole, the London tailor, at times as much as \$100,000, and even suffered the tailor to address him in public places without fear of the Tower. There are several distinguished Pooles in England but none so famous as Tailor-Poole. One day at Ascot, Poole, hovering near the Prince's person and seeking to be agreeable, remarked, sweeping his hand over the assemblage: "Your Royal Highness, the crowd to-day appears to be rather mixed." The Prince, who always hated a snob, looked amusedly



KING EDWARD.

at Poole and replied: "Well, Poole, we can't all be tailors."

Poole renders his accounts once a year, just around Christmas. If not paid he waits twelve months and sends a second bill. Such as do not pay on receipt of the second statement are dropped from his books, and never again are they allowed to give an order in his establishment.

Speaking of clothes, the Duke of Norfolk is a man of simple tastes, and yet he is the possessor of the most extravagant costume in England. The uniform which he wears as Earl Marshal represents an outlay of over \$1,500, exclusive of jewels. Seventeen thousand yards of embroidery are worked into the coat in gold lace until little of the original cloth is to be seen. His Grace feels more at home in his old clothes I assure you.

There is nothing in which Lady Minto, wife of the Governor General of Canada, and successor of Lord Curzon, of India, takes more pride than in her own children. Her eldest

daughter, Lady Eileen, was born during their first visit to Canada as Lord and Lady Melgund. Her other daughters are Lady Ruby and Lady Violet Elliott, and both are still in school. The youngest son, the Hon. Esmond Elliott, is a cheery and much admired youngster.

The yearly allowance of the Mikado, which is at the same time that of the whole imperial family, is now \$1,500,000. Besides, he has the yearly income of \$500,000 from the interest on the \$10,000,000 which was given to him from the war indemnity received from China ten years ago, or \$250,000 from his private estates, which amount to \$5,000,000 or more; of \$500,000 from the forests, covering an area of 5,124,878 acres and valued at \$512,487,300 at \$100 an acre; in all, \$1,250,000. Thus his yearly net income amounts to \$2,750,000. There are in all sixty members in the imperial family, inclusive of eleven married and four widowed princesses, who are members of the family by marriage, not by birth.

Lord Cassilis pronounces his name "Castles." At a reception one night his hostess failed to recognize him. Quite sharply she demanded his name. He replied "Castles," and he was practically turned out. Next morning he received her card of invitation and a polite explanation of the cause of her mistake.

Vegetarianism is becoming a cult among the British aristocracy, and includes among its followers, Lady Anglesey, Lady Essex, Lady Gwendolen Herbert, Lady Windsor, Baron and Baroness de Meyer, Lord Buchan, Lord Charles Beresford, Neville Lytton and Canon Edward Lyttelton, now provost of Eton.

Van Calava.

Japanese Verse.

Eastern writers report the Japanese to be a nation of verse writers, from the Imperial family down to the coolies in the rice fields and the rickshaw man. Occasionally a poem by the Emperor or Empress has appeared in translation in America. Professor Arthur Lloyd of the Imperial University in Tokyo has collected and translated nearly 200 pages of these verses. The following is the translation of an Imperial song of Her Majesty, the Empress:

"Take heed unto thyself; the mighty God
That is the Soul of Nature, sees the good
And bad that man in his most secret heart
Thinks by himself, and brings it to the light."

A "Tanaka" by the Emperor runs:
"The foe that strikes thee,
For thy country's sake
Strike him with all thy might;
But while thou striketh,
Forget not still to love him."

By the Crown Prince:
"On fair Arashi's slopes the rooted pine-trees stand;
So midst the storms and wind, firm rooted, stands Our Land."

THE LEMON A SPECIFIC.

Obviates Need of Doctors and Drugs. Should be Used Without Sugar.

Drink expert Warman recommends the drinking of lemon water. Lemon water, without sugar, he believes, is of great medicinal value. It makes a beverage that will cool the blood, clear the brain, remove biliousness, clear the complexion, and save the expenditure of money for drugs and doctor bills and a few other things—a health drink that can not be discounted.

But do not use sugar with the lemon, it neutralizes the effect that would otherwise be produced. Consider, for a moment, he says, a few of the uses of the lemon.

In the morning, half an hour or more before breakfast, take the juice of half a lemon in a glass of cold water. It will clear the system of humor and bile without any of the effects of calomel, congress water, or any drastic drug. But the benefit is more than doubled by repeating this just before retiring. This is a much safer way to get the better of a bilious condition than resorting to quinine or blue pills.

Do not irritate the stomach by taking the lemon clear. The powerful acid of the juice, when taken alone, is always most corrosive and invariably produces inflammation, if long continued, but when properly diluted so that it does not harm or draw the throat, it does its medical work, and when the stomach is clear of food it has abundant opportunity to work through the system thoroughly.

Not only is the drink of lemon water an excellent liver corrective, but, if taken in hot water instead of cold, it will prove a very efficacious anti-fat remedy.

It is better than any drug or complexion powder for giving permanent clearness and beauty to the skin. A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will relieve bilious headache.

Two or three slices of lemon in a cup of strong tea will cure a nervous headache.

Lemon juice has also been used in Germany, with marked effect, in cases of rheumatism, especially articular rheumatism.

Spain's King a Humorist.

Spain's youthful king is still, it seems, very much of a boy, at least in spirit. He is apparently too closely wedded to his "bubble" to care to consider seriously any other sort of marriage, while authentic report has it that every once in awhile he drops unexpectedly into the unconventional in a way productive of much embarrassment to his entourage.

His latest prank was played in the great cathedral at Leon, to which his majesty paid an unofficial visit recently. He had gone into the organ loft—for Alfonso's education has made of him an organist of ability as well as a fluent linguist—and had begun to play a chant when, with no warning whatever, he switched off into a sharp military march, at the same time calling out in a loud voice:

"Tention! Quick step! March!"
Priests and suite were for the instant too surprised to do anything but gasp, and the next minute there were the solemn strains of the chant again, with the hearty laughter of the king heard beneath them.

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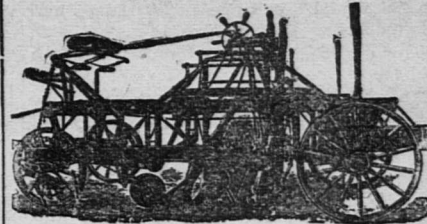
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THE GATES OF ARLINGTON.

Arlington National Cemetery has three gateways of rare distinction and architectural beauty, though few of even Washington's residents are acquainted with this fact. Visitors seldom enter or leave the majestic place through these portals. The reason for this is that Arlington has changed front, or that circumstance has changed its front. The great public surges in and out of Arlington through what was the back gate. This is now called the main west gate, and it is a commonplace double gate of ornate iron rods and spears, glittered over with gold-leaf, and such a gate as may be seen in other national cemeteries or Government reservations.

The beautiful gates of Arlington stand on the east face of the estate. The ancient Georgetown-Alexandria

road, a section of the old post highway stretching from the New England to the Southern colonies, skirts the east boundary of Arlington. Though in other days this was a great thoroughfare, it is little traveled now. Other roads and steam and electric transport have deflected traffic.

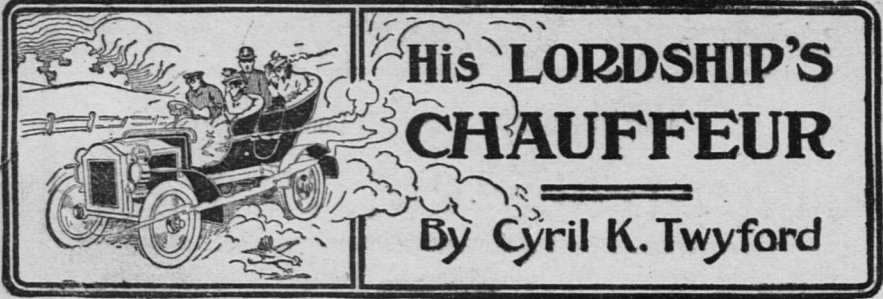
Arlington House faces east. In the time of George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Mrs. Martha Dandridge-Custis-Washington, and the ward of George Washington, the main entrance to Arlington was from the east and at the spot where the Sheridan Gate stands. George Washington Parke Custis built Arlington House. At the death of his father, John Parke Custis, aide-de-camp to George Washington, at Yorktown, he went to live at Mount Vernon. His home was there

till the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802. Then he began the construction of Arlington House on land inherited from his father. He cut a winding drive from the Alexandria-Georgetown road to the crest of the height where Arlington House stands. Robert E. Lee, the husband of George Washington Parke Custis' daughter, while on duty at the War Office, always rode his horse between home and office and used the east gate.

In the spring of 1861 the Federal Government established military camps on the plateau west of Arlington, and it was from these camps that the army of McDowell set out in July, '61, to the attack of Beauregard, on Bull Run. The buildings on the Arlington estate were converted to hospital uses. The big camps west of Arlington created

new roads between Georgetown and the camps and these roads passed around to the rear of Arlington. Fort Whipple, one of the cordon of fortification for the defence of Washington, was erected west of Arlington, and the site of this Civil War earthwork is now covered by the important cavalry post, Fort Myer. Villages have come into being in that neighborhood, the highways have been improved, an electric car line built and thus have been cut channels through which nearly everyone passes in and out of Arlington.

The eastern gates are at the foot of a long, steep hill, and there are no graves near the McClellan or Sheridan gates, though the Ord-Weitzel gate leads into a part of the cemetery where five thousand men, mostly colored soldiers, are buried.



They were sitting in chairs hidden away among the palms and flowers on the roof of the houseboat Sunshine. A silver moon topped the pine-clad hills above Wargrave.

The hush of the bright July night was broken only by a rich baritone voice singing a Southern love song to a banjo accompaniment on one of the nearby houseboats.

From the room below there came every now and then the jarring sound of "No trumps." "May I play?" "Having none?"

The girl turned to her companion. "I really believe that when mama dies she will turn into a bridge marker."

The man gave a short laugh. "Yes, it's almost sacrilege to play bridge on a night like this. In such a night Medea gathered the enchanted herbs."

"Oh, Bob, don't get poetical; besides, I hate Kipling."

"I can't help being poetical, and I was quoting Shakespeare, not Kipling," he remarked.

"Oh, well, it does not matter, they are so much alike. But seriously, Bob, I don't think mama has an idea in life beyond bridge and getting me married."

"H'm, I suppose not," he answered, obviously thinking of something else. Silence followed and the man began to fidget.

The girl turned to him. "Bob, dear, please spare me the trouble of saying I will be a sister to you."

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, you see I know the symptoms. When you are going to propose you take your handkerchief out of your pocket, put it back with the utmost care, then find your cigarette case and suddenly remember that you can not decently ask permission to smoke while proposing."

"Oh, come, Madge, you're a bit hard on a fellow."

"Do you know," she continued, "that if I had not stopped you this would have been the seventeenth time that you have proposed to me?"

"Why won't you marry me?"

"Really, I don't see why I should."

"But surely I'm as good as most other fellows?"

"That's just it. You are exactly like other fellows. There is nothing to distinguish any of you except your waistcoats."

"That's rather cruel," he observed.

"Because it's true," she said.

"But what on earth do you want me to do?" he asked. "You say I ought to be different. Well, if it will please you I will put on a frock coat and silk hat to-morrow and punt you down to Henley in a canoe."

"Don't be flippant," the girl remarked, half laughing, half annoyed.

"Look here," he said, "what do you really want me to do? I have dabbled in most things and"—

"Dabbled! That's it," she cried. "You read for the bar; you stand for Parliament; the war breaks out, and you electrify every one by enlisting and going to the front—for six months. You write half a play—you—oh, you just dabble, Bob. There's nothing determined or permanent about you."

Then, laughingly she continued, "No, I really don't see why I should marry you, and, as mama says, Lord Daventry is a much better match."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You don't seriously mean to tell me that you are going to marry that young ass, Daventry?"

"I fail to see why I shouldn't," she answered, concealing her amusement. "You are much alike" (here she nearly laughed outright "and he has the advantage of being a viscount and a future earl, while you are merely Mr. Robert Langley."

"Yes; but you can not be in earnest about marrying him. You shall not marry him. I say you shan't," he exclaimed, and getting up, began to pace the deck.

"Be careful, Bob," she answered. "You are going just the right way to work to make me want to marry him."

"Look here," he said, coming back and standing in front of her, "at the risk of becoming tedious I have to repeat, Miss Heathmere, that you shall never marry Daventry."

Looking up at him the girl suddenly realized that she loved him. It had needed just this touch of masterfulness on his part to bring the long-suspected fact clearly before her.

"Lord Daventry has invited mama and me to tea at Ranelagh on Tuesday next. He is going to drive us down in his new car."

"Well, of course you will not go now," he remarked.

"Why not, pray?" she asked.

"Because I don't want you to, Madge; really I don't."

"Just now when mama nobly announced her intention of sacrificing a whole afternoon's bridge to my interests I said I would not go, but now since you forbid it, Master Bob, I most decidedly shall."

"Please, Madge—as the first favor that I have ever asked—I beg of you not to go. Let me drive you and your mother down."

"Don't be absurd. Of course I shall go with Lord Daventry," she answered. "Very well, then I shall stop it."

"How, pray?"

"That will be as I may think fit. But be certain of one thing, Miss Heathmere, that you shall drive down to Ranelagh with me and not with Daventry, and you shall take tea with me and not with Daventry."

On the following day the week-end house party broke up, and Bob Langley traveled back to town with mother and daughter, much to the former's annoyance.

Mrs. Heathmere sat in one corner of the carriage and wondered why she had lost that last rubber and incidentally why people who were not wanted could never take a hint when they were given one. It was a well known fact that Langley had ten thousand a year, but then Daventry had as

much and a title as well. Yes, she must snub Langley well.

The other two talked commonplaces in a desultory sort of way, neither referring to their conversation of the previous evening.

As Langley handed them into their carriage at Paddington he made a seemingly pointless remark. "By the way, I don't know if I told you that Reggie Daventry can not drive his own motor. I think he is afraid of it." Then bowing he hastened away.

Lord Daventry sat up in bed and began his breakfast. He was feeling pleased with life. Things were going right. His supper party the night before at the Savoy had been successful, his epigrams more brilliant than usual; moreover, his new pink silk dress waistcoat had created quite a sensation even among chosen companions who were more or less accustomed to bask in the sunshine of his genius. Even the coming of his man Jackson with a blank sheet of paper in his hand failed to upset his good humor.

"What! no epigrams again this morning?" he exclaimed. "Why, you only had three for me yesterday."

"Very sorry, milord," said Jackson. "I have been turning out on an average six epigrams a day for your lordship for the last two years, and I am beginning to 'dry up,' if you will pardon the expression."

"Jackson, it is absolutely necessary that I should make epigrams."

"I know, milord. The only thing I can think of this morning is that your lordship might bring in a travesty of a proverb such as 'Where there's a will there's a—legacy.'"

"That's not up to your usual form, Jackson, and besides it is more or less a pun, and you know I hate puns."

"I am afraid it's the best I can do this morning, milord."

"Well, never mind. Telephone to the stables that I shall want the car at the club about 3:30. I am going down to Ranelagh."

"Will your lordship drive yourself?" "You know very well that I never do."

"I thought, perhaps, after the month's lessons your lordship has taken"—

"That will do, Jackson. Telephone."

It was a sore point with Daventry that although he possessed one of the largest cars in town and a motor coat which would have aroused the envy of a rhinoceros he had never yet had the courage to drive himself.

He rose leisurely, dressed with the utmost care and lunched at his club. At 3:30 his car was announced. He got into his enormous motor coat, put on his goggles, and told the chauffeur to go to 267 Brook street.

The car shot forward, darted in and out of the traffic, and after whizzing round the corner into Brook street at a pace that made his lordship clutch at the side of his seat, pulled up at 267 with a jerk.

"What the devil are you up to? Haven't I told you over and over again that I will not be driven at that beastly pace?"

The chauffeur remained silent.

"Why don't you speak, man?"

"Because, milord, I have a very bad cold and have lost my voice," replied the chauffeur in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh, all right then. Get out and ring."

Mrs. and Miss Heathmere promptly appeared, and as the latter came out in her dainty motor suit he thought he had never seen such a charming picture. She hesitated, looking up and down the street, though she hardly knew what she expected to see. Bob Langley's words were ringing in her head. "You shall drive down to Ranelagh with me and not with Daventry. You shall take tea with me and not with Daventry," and though she had not confessed it to herself she had half hoped that he would succeed in making good his words. Greeting their host they entered the car.

"Ranelagh," his lordship said, and with a jerk the huge machine started again. They tore down Brook street, shot across Park lane and flashed round into the park.

"Drive slower!" screamed his lordship.

"Can't—the engine's—got—out—of—control!" panted the chauffeur, as the car dashed along.

"Put the brakes on!" yelled his lordship.

"I'm trying. They won't act."

Just as they were nearing Shepherd's Bush the brakes seemed suddenly to grip.

"I think I can hold her while you get out," shouted the chauffeur.

Shaking with fright, Daventry jumped from the car, handed Mrs. Heathmere out, and was just turning to help her daughter when with a crash the car broke away and vanished in a cloud of dust.

Mrs. Heathmere screamed and dropped in the middle of the road.

"What has happened?" she wailed.

"Oh, why did you make me risk the life of my only child in your terrible machine? What will happen to her? Oh, do you think that she will have a painless death?"

"I'm afraid it has got out of control again," began his lordship feebly. "Why could not the d—d idiot hold the infernal thing another minute?"

"Why don't you do something," she cried, "instead of standing there and swearing?"

By this time a crowd had collected anxious to know what had happened.

"I think we had better take the Tube back and inform the police," remarked his lordship dolefully. "I don't see what else we can do." And so saying he seized the unfortunate Mrs. Heathmere and bundled her into the stuffy station.

In the meantime the car had continued its mad career. Miss Heathmere, after she had recovered from the first shock, resigned herself to her fate.

After a minute or two the pace had become somewhat slower, and the chauffeur seemed able to steer with ease.

Just as she was going to ask him if he could not turn back and find the others the car gave a sudden swerve and pulled up—inside the gates of Ranelagh.

The chauffeur calmly got down and handed her out. Taking off his cap and mask he coolly remarked:

"I gave you due warning that Daventry should not drive you down here to-day."

"Bob!" she exclaimed. Then, suddenly remembering how indignant she ought to be, she turned to him. "How dare you! This is nothing more nor less than a gross piece of impertinence. Never speak to me again. Mama will—Oh, it's disgraceful! Drive me back at once, sir."

"Where to?" he asked.

"Where you left mama, of course."

"My dear girl, you don't imagine that your respected parent is still sitting in the middle of the road at Shepherd's Bush waiting for a runaway motor to come back and pick her up."

"I don't believe the motor ever did run away," she remarked.

"Of course it didn't," he observed.

"And I think we had better have some tea."

"I shall do no such thing. Besides, it would not be proper with you alone," she added.

"Oh, yes you will," he answered, "and it will be quite proper, as we are engaged."

"What do you mean, Bob? After your disgraceful behavior do you think that I?"

For answer he took her in his arms and kissed her.

A quarter of an hour after when they were sipping their tea on the lawn she asked: "How did you manage to change places with the chauffeur?"

"Oh, a ten-pound note and a promise to take him on if he got discharged did the trick," he answered.

SUGARS AND SYRUPS.

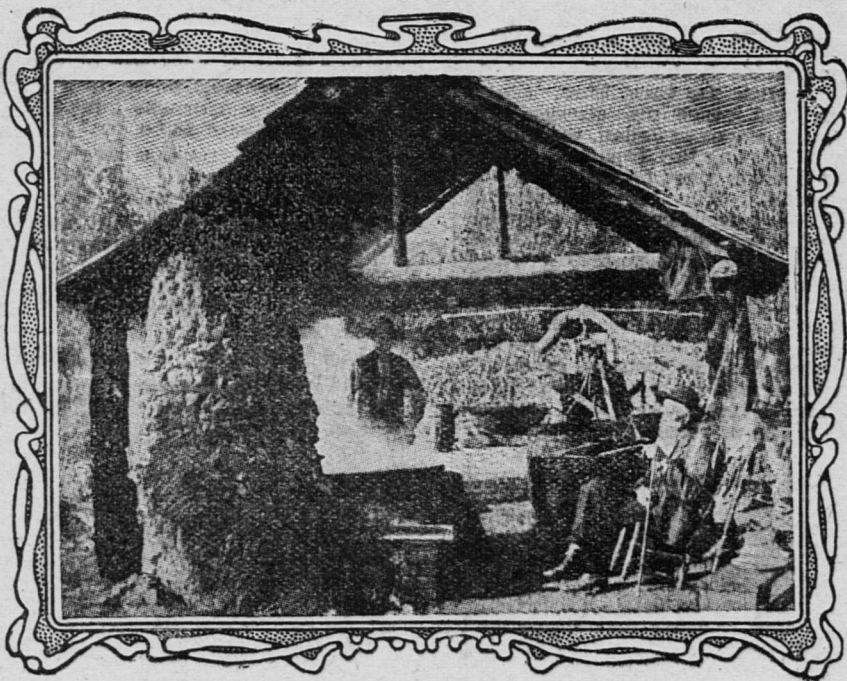
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Sugar is the only important farm product which the United States imports, notwithstanding the fact that it can be profitably produced here from both cane and beets. We use more than 2,000,000 tons of sugar annually, or one-fifth of the entire product of the world, and of this we produce only about one-third.

It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that not less than 140,000 square miles of country in the Gulf and South Atlantic States will grow good sugar canes, a region sufficient to make all the sugar we need.

Cotton, a product of the States in question, is our largest agricultural export, and excepting it no two other staples exported by us equal the value of the sugar imported. All the live



OLD FASHIONED SYRUP BOILING.

stock exported does not represent one-half the value of the sugar brought in every year from foreign lands.

Our Southern States alone could produce all our sugar, to say nothing of the sugar possible from beets in the North and West. The sugar from the beet crop of 1904 amounted to 209,722 tons or 121,000 tons less than the cane sugar produced in Louisiana alone. Extend the sugar product as a diversified crop to other Southern States and we have achieved one more agricultural triumph.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, Chemist of the Department of Agriculture, who has exhaustively investigated the sugar and syrup possibilities of the Southern States, says that the people of this country are singularly ill informed concerning the household value of a pure article of cane syrup; he always keeps



STANDING AND CUT SUGAR CANE.

a supply in his own home, but doubts very much whether any considerable number of consumers in the Northern States have ever tasted the pure article.

All Southern cane syrup is mixed with other ingredients by the distributors, or is made outright from sugar and glucose. Sugar does not as yet in some sections pay as much per

acre as syrup, and the latter could be made still more profitable by replacing its manufacture by the usual crude methods with the improved mill, after the style of the creamery and custom flouring mill in the North.

The farm mill with insufficient apparatus gets hardly more than half the juice, and still the farmer realizes from \$75 to \$150 an acre, double the amount cotton brings.

To set the pace for the Southern syrup maker, the Department of Agriculture has established an experimental mill at Waycross, Ga., where a syrup of high market quality and uniform color and grade is being manufactured. Dr. Wiley favors the dark colored syrup for the reason that it contains more caramel and flavor than the light varieties. Artificial makes of syrup are usually light and while perhaps not injurious, they lack the flavor and tone of the real article.

Diversity is making gains in the agricultural methods of the South as it is in the North and West, and when this improved system becomes an established fact in our Southern States a prosperity unknown since early days will take hold of the country.

Experiments are being made in various parts of the South to utilize the



CRUDE SUGAR CANE PRESS.

bagasse, or waste, from cane mills, using it as an absorbent to make the molasses available as dry stock feed. Commenting on these experiments the Agricultural Department recently predicted that the time will come when the manufacture of stock feeds containing molasses will be a great industry. The belief is expressed that the sugar cane world will find in molasses feed for live stock a by-product of sugar manufacture as essential to its success as is the feeding of cattle and horses to the manufacturing distilleries in the Northwest. One of the large sugar refineries in Brooklyn, N. Y., has been mixing molasses with the feed for its truck horses, and finds it not only successful but also about 25 per cent. cheaper than oats and hay. When properly prepared, the molascint, as the bagasse compound has been termed, carries with it an acceptable flavor to stock and it has the additional value of improving the flavor of any other food with which it is mixed.

The maple tree now furnishes but a small per cent. of the commercial maple

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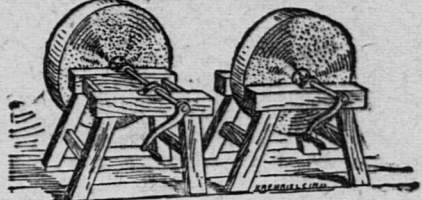
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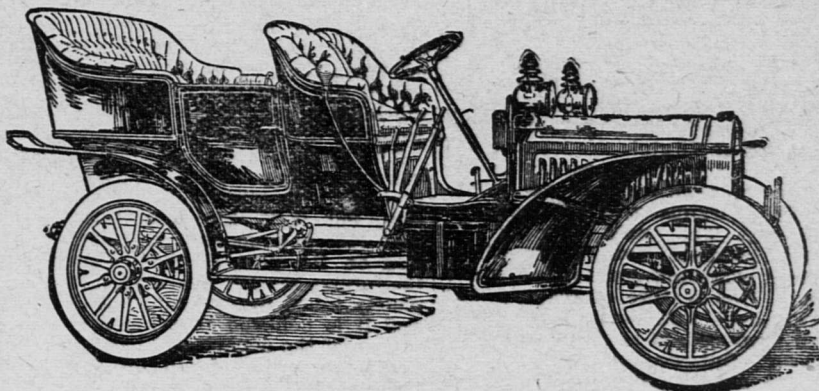
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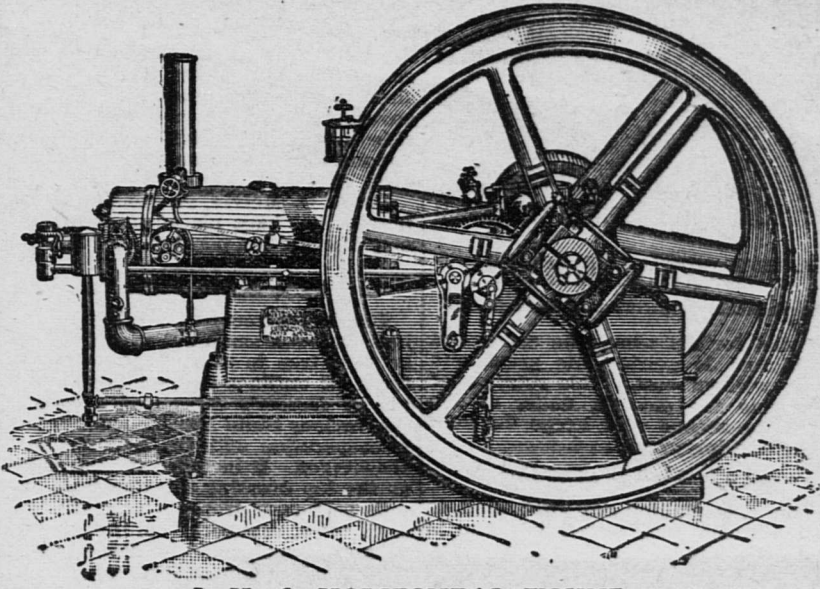
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THE HISTORIC SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Work of the United States Department of Agriculture.

GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL.

The famous Shenandoah Valley is one of the best farming sections of Virginia, and I had the pleasure recently of taking a trip, in company with my father, down to its lower end at Harrisburg, probably 140 miles south of Washington. The valley was the scene of many hard fought skirmishes and battles in the late civil war between Sheridan and Early, and we touched at the point where Sheridan made his famous ride to Winchester and turned back the victorious troops of Early. I have more than once heard my uncle, who was a captain in the 128th Illinois under Sheridan, relate how after working all night making up his company's pay rolls, he had turned out of his tent just in time to see Sheridan riding by on his black charger, swinging his saber, swearing like the typical cavalryman that he was, and shouting to the boys, "turn back, we've got them

will give 50 and 60 bushels. I noticed large acreages of poorly cared for corn which would not make half a crop, even where the land was apparently fairly good.

It seems singular that so many farmers, not only in Virginia, but in every State, will plough a field, harrow it, fertilize it, and lay it off and plant it, cultivate it once or twice and then through neglect to give it two or more cultivations at the proper time reduce their yield from 20 to 40 per cent. I noticed many corn fields on this trip—and they can be seen in every farming district in Virginia—where the corn had gotten a good start and grown well, up to its first cultivation; then work had ceased on it and the wire grass and weeds were gathering as much fertility as the corn itself.

Corn in Virginia appears to be the favorite crop for planting in young orchards. It is, in fact, believed by

ment. The one referred to is No. 227 and can be had upon application to members of Congress, or Senators, or to the Secretary of Agriculture.

Orange Tree Foe.

The Department of Agriculture has received a report from an agent in Mexico stating that in six and perhaps more states in Mexico he has found traces of the orange maggot, which is a dreaded foe of oranges, and it is feared that this condition might permit of its entry into California.

The Mexicans in attempting to eradicate the maggot have destroyed thousands of orange and mango trees. The multiplication of the orange maggot is said to be something enormous.

Japanese Paper Plant.

Secretary Wilson's men are working to introduce a sort of vegetable leather. It is in reality a paper plant, as much so as the papyrus plant of ancient Egypt, but its uses are manifold, ranging all the way from dainty note paper to water-proof garments—and which are really water-proof under the severest tests—and leather pocketbooks which outwear real leather. The plant is a pretty little shrub called in Japanese "mitsumata," and it is its inner bark which is converted to use. The plant grows in the mountains of Japan, and Explorer Fairchild, of the Department of Agriculture, believes that it will thrive over a large part of the Appalachian range and other similar sections of the United States.

In Japan pipe cases and tobacco pouches are manufactured from the material, as well as a kind of wall paper, which is already becoming fashionable in America. Such wall papers of vegetable leather are turned out in beautiful designs for wall and ceiling decorations, being stamped and modeled by hand in the most artistic patterns. It would seem that Americans have a great deal to learn from the Japanese about paper-making. Already large quantities of another kind of paper obtained from the same plant are imported for use as legal documents, diplomas, deeds and bonds. There are at least eight other plants from which the subjects of the Mikado obtain paper stuff, while this country depends for such material upon linen. Mr. Fairchild, who has made a special study of this subject, says that it is not pleasant to think that the brilliant white note paper which a woman uses may have in it part of the filthy garment of some Egyptian fellow saved by a ragpicker from the gutter, yet it is a fact that hundreds of tons of Egyptian rags are fetched every year to the United States to supply the paper mills. At Mannheim on the Rhine the American importers have rag-picking houses, where rags are collected from all over Europe (the disease infected levant not excepted), and where women and children work with wet sponges tied over their mouths sorting the filthy scraps for shipment to New York. The best papers are made of these vile rags. Papers made from the inner bark of plants, like the "mitsumata," are a creation of the Orient. They are softer, silkier, tougher and lighter than American-made papers. If wet they lose their strength, like tissue paper, but on drying regain it.

JAPANESE TEACH RUSSIANS.

Remarkable Incidents Connected with the Last War.

War and peace are strange bed-fellows, for over in Japan, the land of the rising sun, the Japanese readily mixed the two arts in a fashion totally unexpected. The Japs had corralled at Himeju somewhere in the neighborhood of 75,000 Russian prisoners, mostly from Port Arthur, probably 70,000 of whom were illiterate. A well-known writer in commenting on the success of the Japanese arms brings out into the light the secret of Japan's strength. It is in just one thing, the men have mental as well as physical training. The majority of Japan's soldiers have received education in



some form, and with the desire to enlighten the Russian prisoners, the government of Japan established in the prison at Himeju a school wherein was taught to the illiterate Russians their own language. Strange as this may seem this fact has been brought out by a short article in the Japan Daily Times in which appears the statement: "Thanks to the teaching, those soldiers who were totally illiterate are now able to write letters to their homes. It is stated that the authorities of the quarters received inquiries from Russia asking if the letters were really written by the senders."

Credit Due Japan.

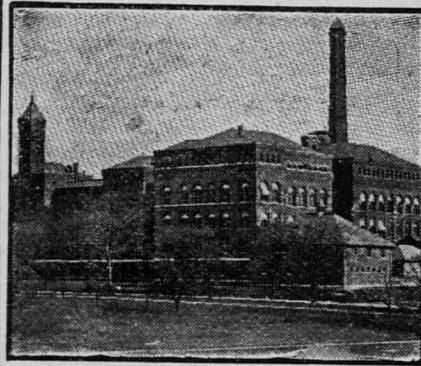
This, one of the most unusual events ever produced by war, is as much to Japan's credit, as it is valuable to the poor Russian peasantry. The Kobe Daily News has been issuing an illustrated weekly for the Russian prisoners. The first issue of the sheet called "Japan and Russia" contained over twenty excellent photographic illustrations. This paper in introducing itself stated that its object was "to keep the 70,000 Russian prisoners now in this country informed about the general situation at the front and the attitude of the various powers in connection with the war, as well as to acquaint the prisoners with the

NEW MONEY NEEDED.

The Government Cannot Print It Rapidly Enough.

The great Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington has reached its limit, and new machines and additional workmen must be provided to turn out the money needed for the country.

"We are even now having much difficulty in keeping up with the demand for new money," said Charles H. Treat, the United States Treasurer, "and it is going to be difficult to supply the demands for the busy business season. Large amounts of old money are coming into the treasury for redemption, with the request that new money be issued in its place. The business of



WHERE THE MONEY IS ENGRAVED.

the country must have what it wants in the way of currency, and when this old money is sent in for redemption it is not wise to delay getting out the new money to replace it.

"The national banks of the country are increasing their circulation at a remarkable rate. During this last year this increase has been about \$60,000,000, and many of the banks have had to wait much longer than prudent to obtain their circulation. These delays 'tie up' the circulating medium. There were recently 118 banks on the list waiting for new currency. This increased growth of the circulation, outstanding of national banks represents the normal growth of the country."

Plans are being considered at Washington for the extension and enlargement of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all of Uncle Sam's money is manufactured.

Briefs From Everywhere

The honey bee is said to be the inveterate foe of the bumble bee and will kill him on slight provocation, and often without provocation at all.

There were imported into the United States for the last fiscal year 3,658,131, 447 pounds of sugar.

The product of the poultry industry in the United States was worth last year \$280,000,000. The value of hog products was \$186,529,000.

Salt is a government monopoly in Italy, and people living on the seacoast are forbidden to evaporate sea water to obtain salt.

Iced whale was one of the delicacies served by the Emperor of Japan at his dinner to Secretary Taft and party.

Thomas Kilpatrick, who gave to New York its first apartment house, in 1853, was ridiculed as a man who built five houses, "one on top of the other."

The fact that malaria was caused by mosquitoes was known to Cingalese physicians in the sixth century.

The harassed Sultan of Turkey never sleeps in a dark room. His chamber and the nearby apartments and gardens are brilliantly lighted all night. He is read to sleep each night, usually by his brother.

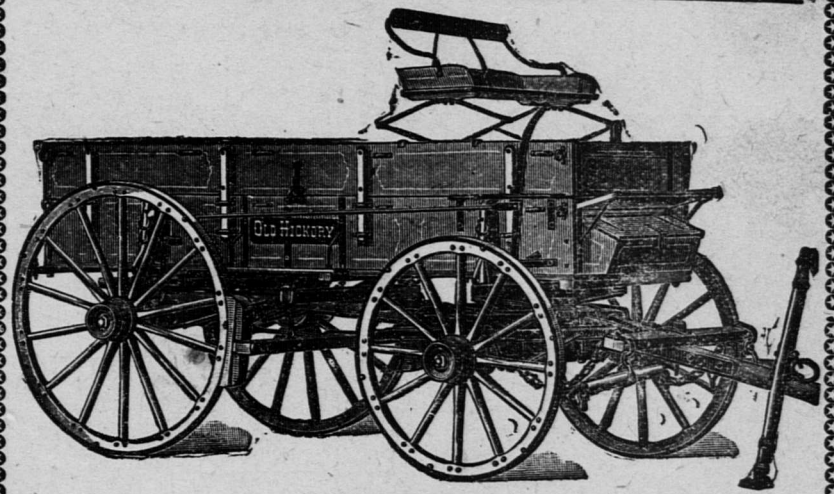
The Michigan Central Railroad will tunnel the Niagara River.

Fifty million codfish are caught in the waters of Norway annually.

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THE GOOD CORN WILL YIELD SIXTY BUSHELS PER ACRE. THE POOR FIELD NOTHING BUT FODDER.

licked." A great fighter too, was Early, who was said never to know that he was whipped.

This part of Virginia is full of landmarks of the great civil strife. Many old-fashioned houses, with their great outside stone chimneys, tell their own tales of antebellum days when tobacco was king in Virginia, and when peace reigned in the great state which was the Mother of Presidents. Peace again prevails over Virginia and she is now taking on a second prosperity. The Shenandoah Valley, as a whole, is rich in agriculture; it has also many stone quarries and some manufacturing. Few prettier places could be found to live in than the country around Harrisonburg.

Nestling Among the Mountains.

The valley nestles between the Manassas spur of mountains to the west and the Blue Ridge of the Alleghenies to the east. It grows great quantities of corn and wheat; some sheep and cattle are raised and considerable fruit. "The horticultural possibilities of this section of Virginia are wonderful," said one of the fruit men of the Department of Agriculture to me, recently. "Old Virginia will yet wake up some day. The main stay of the country, however, now, is the trinity of wheat, corn and grass (timothy and clover). One feature of the trip was a Pekin duck farm with 25,000 birds, which produced, it is claimed, \$16,000 last year. But corn and wheat are the principal money crops. Wheat costs about 70 or 75 cents a bushel to raise. This includes seeding the field with timothy and clover and consequently a stand of pasture land, which gets its start from the fertilizer for the wheat crop. So that if a farmer gets 75 cents



RUSSIAN SUNFLOWER VIRGINIA. TWELVE INCH HEAD.

Introduced by Department of Agriculture.

a bushel for his wheat, he comes out whole and is getting his grass and clover without cost. This rotation of crops and the plowing under of the clover the second year keeps the land fertile and improved.

Money in Well Tended Corn.

Corn, well planted and cultivated, is a good money crop in Virginia and is almost necessary to a proper rotation. The average of the Virginia crop is \$11.55 per acre; in Illinois, which has much richer soil, the value is \$11.59 and much of the corn yield in Virginia is pitifully small. There are thousands of acres of worn-out lands yielding no higher than 20 or 15 or even 10 bushels to the acre. The Shenandoah Valley farmers all say that their good bottom lands, and even some of the uplands,

many farmers and fruit growers to be the best orchard crop.

It seemed to me that there must be much pleasure in getting up in the early morning and looking over toward a range of mountains with their summits in the clouds and the mists rising from smoke. As the sun breaks over the crests the clouds are dispersed and it is then time for breakfast.

Bureau of Animal Industry.

Dr. D. E. Salmon, who has recently resigned as chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, has held that position for over twenty years and has done some of the best work which has been accomplished in that department. Under his direction and supervision the system of inspection of slaughtered meats intended for interstate shipment and export has been brought to a high state of perfection until American meats which are received abroad with the official tag from the Bureau of Animal Industry are assured as good.

The integrity of the American merchant or shipper may be as high as that of the merchants of any other nation, but it is nevertheless a fact that without some such supervisory action on the part of the government, the foreign market would soon be completely killed by unscrupulous dealers, and it is believed that the inspection system of the department has done and is doing more to build up American trade abroad for agricultural products than any other work.

Inspection of Dairy Products.

A very important branch of the Bureau of Animal Industry is the dairy division, and of late years government inspection and regulation, to some extent, has been extended to dairy products. Congress recently passed a law authorizing the Department to inspect butter shipped abroad, and further to supervise and practically compel creameries and renovated butter establishments to adopt cleanly and sanitary methods.

Dr. Salmon resigned, presumably, on account of the charges made against him by reason of his connection with a private corporation supplying tags and labels to the bureau of which he was chief. After an exhaustive investigation by the Department of Justice, Secretary Wilson exonerated Dr. Salmon from any wrong doing in this connection, but, either he himself desired to sever his connection with the government, or it was thought advisable to ask his resignation and later appoint a new man not connected with such charges.

Dr. A. D. Melvin, an assistant in the bureau, has been placed in charge and may become the permanent chief.

Free Farm Bulletin.

The Department of Agriculture has just printed a small bulletin which will be sent free to any farmers applying for it. It outlines the results of a number of farmer's experiments made at the various State Experiment Stations in cooperation with the Department at Washington. It includes such questions as the top dressing of grass land, peanuts as forage crops; winter killing of fruit trees; cranberry culture lime-sulphur-salt wash for scale insects; clean milk; poultry houses, etc. The bulletin is one of a series known as "Experiment Station Work." Four or five of these particular bulletins are issued by the Department during the course of each year, each one containing from six to a dozen short articles on practical farm matters. These publications are of the most popular and useful little documents issued by the Depart-